CAPTAIN ROOKE.

Doubtless these last years of the vanishing nineteenth century can boast of many triumphs, scientific and otherwise, over a similar period toward the close of the eighteenth, but in one respect at least our ancestors in those days had a decided advantage over us. When they had to travel they could make their journeys a highly pleasureable excursion, instead of a dull, rapid flight over iron roads, imprisoned in | inducing you to share it with me?" a close compartment with half a dozen strangers. They could accomplish the distance in leisurely fashion, in their own carriages or in post-chaises, stopping to admire the scenery or visit spots of interest, and enjoying the piquant excitement of a courteous to ladies.

Now it befell on a pleasant May day in entered her carriage at her own door, for the purpose of traveling to London, in order to visit some friends during the gay month of balls and entertainments. Her own horses would take her two stages on the road and she would post the remainder of the distance, as she meant to travel through the night, sleeping comfortably in her barouche, her maid having been sent

on in advance with the luggage. Fair and bright as the spring itself, Cicely Greatorex made a charming picture in her tight-fitting riding habit-the traveling costume of ladies in her day-with a hat and feathers poised on the masses of her hair drawn high over a cushion; in her hand she carried a gold-mounted switch, on the end of which she now and then benevolently fixed a cake and handed it out through the carriage window to her old coachman. A very free and independent young lady she was, though only two-andtwenty-for her parents lay at rest in the family vault, and no brother or sister existed to dispute her rights as sole and absolute possessor of the old manor and all

The shades of evening were falling by stage of the journey, where her own horses had been left, and were proceeding onward

light that lingered in the darkling sky. The skirting a deep and wide ditch on one side, and to avoid a fallen tree on the other he went too near the edge, the ponderous carriage toppled right over, and in another moment the horses were on their backs in the ditch, struggling with their legs kicking in the air. The coachman had sprung by her retainer's side. "The poor horses," she exclaimed; "see

difficult task. It was impossible to extricate them without cutting the traces to pieces, and when at last they were got out of the ditch and dragged somehow on to the road it was seen that both were bleeding and seriously injured, while one was clearly, hopelessly lamed. Whatever be we to do?" said Jasper,

his eyebrows going up almost into his wig in his perplexity. "We cannot go another step with these poor beasts, Madam Great-'No, that is plain enough," said Cicely,

"and you could not get the carriage out of the ditch without help, though I do not think it is much the worse, it went over | ing. so easily." She pondered for a moment; then, looking around her, exclaimed; "Stay! is not this Winton wood?" "Ay, that it be," said Jasper. "Then all is well. We are within a mile

of the hall, and I can go and ask Mrs. Winton to take me in for the night. She will be delighted, and I shall like to see her, so there is no difficulty at all about it. As to you, Jasper, you must get these poor horses back to the posthouse as best you can, and in the morning you must hire another pair and some men to help you to right the earriage, and then you must come to fetch me at Winton Hall." Jasper remarked to himself sotto voce that

there never was such a clever damsel as his young madam, but aloud he only said: "Sure I can do your bidding, madam; still, be'an't you afeared to walk through the wood by yourself, my dear lady? There

Not a bit of it," she said, laughing. I meet bogies I'll rap them over the head with my switch. It is all right, Jasper. is a lovely night, and I shall enjoy the You go your ways and I shall go

drooping heads of the two poor horses, Cicely started off with her light, springing step, telling the coachman as she bade him good-night to be sure and bring the carriage for her as early as he could the

The walk was in truth very pleasant in the mild night air. Soon she emerged on the | quietly with their infamous captain. which would lead her by a short cut to the Winton Hall. It never occurred to who did not leave her own house from one year's end to the other, and to Miss Greatorex's certain knowledge she had not been absent for at least ten years. It so happened, however, that Mrs. Win-

ton had received tidings a few days before that her only son an officer of the King's bodyguard, had been struck down by the falling sickness, and she had at once started for London to nurse him through it, and remain with him till he was quite strong again if his life were spared. Anticipating a long absence, she had taken all her servants with her excepting her old housekeeper, who had not slept a night out of Winton Hall for fifty years, and who did not mind remaining alone in it as care-

Arriving at the front door, Miss Greatorex gave a loud-sounding energetic knock The door was opened, but not at all wide ly, and the head of a man was thrust out, looking very keenly at the newcomer. gazed at him astonished, he was so unlike her friend's staid, gray-headed Winton's livery. Cicely, however, quickly concluded that for some reason one of the under-gamekeepers was assisting in the house, and made known her errand with-

"My carriags has been upset in Winton Wood and the horses are too much hurt to go on, so I have come to ask Mrs. Winton to give me a night's lodging. I hope she is well. I am Miss Creatorex. while a peculiar smile passed over his lips, garments of the most coatly material, and doffed his plumed, hat in honor of lady he revealed a noble head, adorned with silky, dark hair which fell in curls on iders, while he had refined, aris-

tocratic features and larve, luminous eyes lodging from Mrs. Wintel " said the man door with an evil mile, but falling with great respect be ore the newcomrepeated her extranation, and at otleman begged her to come in and make herself at home, ass ring her that the

se was at her s. I regret that I have no lady here to assit me in showing

lady to receive her she felt she might be quite at her ease with this courtly gentle- down into the hall. man, as he was a friend of Mrs. Winton. "You are very kind," she answered, "I fear I have no choice but to trespass on | handsome and dignified, as with a charmyour hospitality, as I am a very long way from my own home, at Greatorex Manor; but it will be only for this one night; my coachman will bring my carriage for me early in the morning with another pair of

"It can only be matter of regret that from one part of the country to the other | your honored visit will be so short," replied the exquisitely polite gentleman. | near, and then gave free vent to the pas-'Madam, I was just about to partake of a | sion of scorn and indignation which posslight supper; might I have the felicity of | sessed her. Cicely was nothing loath to accede to this polished request, for she was in truth ravenously hungry, and her host, extending a very delicate white hand, gently grasped the tips of her fingers and led her to the

dining room. There an excellent repast had been provided, mainly composed of chickens which possible encounter with the still-existing knights of the road, who were invariably a short time before had been running about in Mrs. Winton's poultry yard, and some of the finest old wine out of her cellars was placed on the table. Two or three men, similarly attired to the one who had opened the door to her, waited upon her and her the year of grace 17- that the young lady host, and although it must be owned they who was mistress of Greatorex Manor | did not appear to be much accustomed to | before her had grown crimson to the temthe duty, yet they acquitted themselves fairly well under the careful directions of

their master. well acquainted with the most prominent | punity. persons in society. He discoursed on the modes and on belles-lettres, and repeated said hoarsely, "but you do not know the her fair face. some new madrigals in the soft tones of his excuse I had for taking to this life. My "Oh, what I insinuating voice, and it must be owned father cast me out, and told me never to that Cicely soon became greatly fascinated | cross his threshold again. If even he would | Lismere.' life met so agreeable a gentleman.

supper he asked her if she was fond of music, and taking up a guitar which had road; self on it while he sang some pathetic love | the mast, or as a private in the army; you songs of unexceptionable quality, with a | might have broken stones by the wayside, richness of melody and sweetness of ex- or you might have died. Better death than pression which quite capityated her senses. | dishonor," and with burning cheeks in her She passed the most delightful evening | fiery indignation, while her dainty head imaginable. She was by no means, as a | was carried high with a haughty gesture, rule, a susceptible young lady, and had she turned her back on him and walked been wooed in vain by many eligible suit- | swiftly to the outer door. He followed her ors, who much desired to appropriate the and hastily opened it for her in silence; comely heiress and her broad lands, but for | then she went down the steps and entered the first time in all her days she was en- her carriage. "Drive on, Jasper," she said: tirely subjugated by the fascinations of her | "let the horses shake the dust from their charming host.

She regretted the swift passing of the this polluted house. hours, when the evening deepening into | The coachman obeyed. Captain Rooke night, obliged her, from a sense of propri- stood bare-headed on the steps, hat in ety, unwilling to intimate that it was time she retired to rest. He also expressed his but Cicely made no response, she took not regret, but was too respectful to seek to the slightest notice of him and in a modetain her. He lighted a wax taper and | ment she was borne swiftly away out of the time that they had passed the second asked to be allowed to precede her through his sight. the dark passages to the door of her room. Walking in advance of her to light the way, instructed than we are in the vagaries of she could not but admire his tall, athletic the feminine nature to account for the fact that when Cicely Greatorex found herself rived near the room which she knew to ruts swayed the heavy carriage from side the light into her hand, expressed a hope be the most luxurious in the house, he gave | strange occupations, a great change passed to side, and the tall trees of a wood through that her slumbers might be sweet and which they were passing obscured the faint | calm as those of an infant, and that he should have the honor of seeing her at breakfast on the following morning, and coachman did not perceive that he was then, bowing profoundly over the hand she extended to him, he took his leave and departed down the stairs.

Cicely went into her bedroom, where everything had been made ready for her, in a whirl of delight and excitement. Who could this enchanting personage be? she off involuntarily, in time to save himself, pondered; evidently a man of the first and had stood half dazed on the road, with rank, accustomed to the highest society- an aunt who acted as her chaperon, and his cocked hat and wig somewhat discom- a duke perhaps-how glad she was she had now come back to spend a few posed on his head, and his long whip in | met him! The acquaintance must not stop his hand. His first thought was for his here, and with that she began to comb out | Many suitors had sought to win the lady, but little, active Cicely made no dif- her long fair tresses and make ready for wealthy and beautiful heiress during these scrambling out of the carrage bed, as she had brought a little handbag years, but always in vain, though she could window, and, shaking her skirts free of all | with her from her carriage containing all | not herself have explained the feeling entanglement, she soon stood unharmed toilet necessaries. She did not hurry her- which prompted her to dismiss them, one to them at once, Jasper," and she straight-way aided him with all her might in the had ceased in the house when at last she the echo coming back, as an undying memprepared to lie down.

pestry move, behind which she knew there was a door leading to the servants' quarters, and from this entrance there emerged. to her great amazement, Mrs. Winton's old | the robber hand. As a matter of fact, the housekeeper, Benson, whom she knew well. The good woman seemed to be in a sad plight, her cap was awry, her gray hair hung loose about her perturbed countenance, and her eyes were red with weep-

"Why, Benson, is it you?" exclaimed Cicely. "I thought you had gone to London with your mistress. But what in the world is the matter? You look quite scared.

"And well I may be," she exclaimed, flinging up her arms, "after all I have gone through this dreadful day, and now, to make bad worse, I find you, my poor young lady, dragged into this den of robbers." "A den of robbers! Winton Hall! What can you possibly mean, Benson?"

"Ah, the villains deceived you finely, my poor young madam. I could see it, with all his airs and graces; but you have got into the hands of a gang of highwaymen. Ah, and the very worst there are on the road. They knew the mistress was away, and they broke into the house by the back entrance and took possession of everything Have you ever heard of him-Lord Lisvaluable in it. They locked me up in my room and dared me to make a sound. They said they'd strangle me if I did, and so they would, sure enough, but they did not ! know there was a secret door to my room. and when I heard you knock, madam, I in society, and he has had a romantic hisslipped out and looked over the stairs, hoping it was the soldiers come after them, and when I saw it was you getting into their clutches, I nearly swooned, but I temper; he had a deadly quarrel with his were all snoring after their carouse, and

Cicely stood transfixed with astoms for a few moments and felt horrified at the ambush into which she had fallen; but when she recalled her host of the evening, "But, Benson," she exclaimed, "are you sure there is no mistake? He was a most perfect gentleman with whom I had supper;

surely it is impossible that he could be a highwayman. "Couldn't he," said the old woman, voice rising to a shriek; "shall I tell you who he is?-Captain Rooke, the cruel, murderous villain, and no one else."

"Captain Rooke?" Cicely fell back in her chair overcome with dismay. She knew the name well, for he was the most notorious character among all the highwaymen who infested the English roads at that time; not only was he the most daring and merciless of robbers, exercising unlimited control over all who were given up to the same infamous trade, but his indomitable energy and eleverness had enabled him to set all free from the blood of several poor soldiers who had been sent out to capture him from time to time. Added to this, his history and origin gave him a certain prestige which excited universal interest in all his pro-

cobleman, who had left his home in conne encountered ladies in the carriages he

'And I have actually been sitting at supper with the infamous Captain Rooke," exhis manner to-night I do not think he will prevent me from going away to-morrow as give notice to the authorities in the nearest town, Benson, so that they may send a troop to protect you, and clear the house of these villains-no doubt they will capture them all.

'Not a chance of that, madam," said the old woman, ruefully; "they'll be off the first moment they can be in the morning. and take their booty with them; did you not see a lot of packages and boxes piled | disturbed while I seize this opportunity of up in the hall? That is poor Mme. Winton's plate, and every valuable they could lay their hands on; gold watches, jewels. clocks and even the silver cup mistress uses at her meals.'

"The scoundrels," 'what a miserable home-coming it will be th a profound saltation, the state- for poor Mrs. Winton, to find her house swept clean of all her most precious goods. Weil, there is nothing to be done to-night: igularly musical and bar the doors."

"I do not believe as they'll molest Winton has bee obliged to go to madam; that vile Captain Rooke looked on's illness, and sweet enough upon you, I could see; but I allowed no the use of the can only stay till the sun rises; as soon as | conduct opened my eyes suddenly to the few weeks whill I had to be in it's daylight these robbers will be astir, and if they find out I have been to denounce | I had embarked. Believe me, before I saw them to you, they'll strangle me as they | you, the glamour of the wild adventurous

them to you, they it strange me as they you every attention; but a uitable sleeping apartment shall be immeriately prepared for you, and if you will equescend to accept my poor hospitality. You may rest assured that all due honor and respect will be paid you."

Cicely felt that she had really no alternative. She knew that there was not any house within a long distance where she could obtain a night's lodgin, and although on her hat, threw the long train of her carriage along the none that all developed the standard of the wild adventurous carrier, with all its danger and daring. Carrier, with all its danger and daring, that blinded me wholly to its guilt and deep radation, but when you, a fair, young girl with magnificent courage and high-souled abhorrence of injustice and oppression, dead the prison, and about an hour later Miss Grestorex nounced me to my face, the scales fell from my distorted vision. It was as though a new being had been born within me. I was filled with detestation of my former life, I longed to redeem the past, and I

There she was met by her entertainer of

ing smile he bowed low before her. "I see the carriage is come which is to deprive me of a lovely vision," he said, "but Mrs. Greatorex will, I hope, honor me with her sweet company to breakfast before proceeding on her way.' Cicely looked round and saw that they were alone, none of the robber band being

"Captain Rooke," she said, in a clear, ringing voice. " if I had known who you were last night, I would sooner have cut off my own right hand than sat down to table with a man whose hands are stained by deeds of blood and infamy, a robber, an into the room they returned in silence to assassin, living on rapine and theft. How where her aunt was seated. can you-how can you," she continued, stamping her little foot on the ground, "you the descendant of noble ancestors; born to an unsullied name, which never was tarnished till you disgraced it; how can you degrade the very manhood within of the day permitted. They became great you by a low life of crime and treachery?" She could not go on, palpitating as she was, from anger and excitement. The man ples, but he could not help admiring the dauntless girl as she flung her scornful their master.

'He meanwhile entertained his guest with thing in her look, her voice, which revery brilliant conversation; he spoke of strained his passionate temper, although no London and the court, and appeared to be one had ever so denounced him with im-

"You are severe, Mme. Greatorex," by him, and thought she had never in her | have given me money to support me, how could I take it from a man who had insult-This impression was deepened when after | ed me? Horneless, penniless; what course was open to me but the free life of the

"You might have gone as a sailor before feet at their utmost speed as they leave

hand, and bowed his most courtly manner;

Now it would require some one better over her expensive face; the bright color hands and scobed as if her heart would break, while through her troubled spirit there stole. " softest melody, the sweet refrain of o , of the pathetic love songs she had heard the night before from the matchless voice of her courteous unknown

III. More than two years had passed away. A good deal of the time had been spent by Cicely on the continent, accompanied by weeks in London in that lady's house. self, thinking over her pleasant adventure. | and all; only she knew that never did any ory, of the plaintive refrain that smote on But just at that moment she saw the ta- | her heart with its entrancing melody that eventful evening at Winton Hall. She had gone to France immediately afterward, and knew nothing of what had happened to gang had been broken up at once after her Mrs. Winton had found to her great surprise that the packages containing her by highwaymen, had not after all, been taken from her house. Everything she possessed was found intact, and the house-

keeper had suffered nothing but her first alarm. Then it became known that Cantain Rooke had completely disappeared, and his followers, disorganized and quarrelling among themselves, were for the most part captured and duly hanged, as was the custom of the times. There was a great ball at the house of a distinguished lady, who was an intimate

guests, looking lovely in her rich dress with soft white feathers waving over her pretty an ottoman, when the lady of the house came and sat down beside her. "There is a gentleman here who particularly wishes to be introduced to you, Cicely," she said, "and he would have come

with me now only he was stopped by the mere "The name seems familiar to me, but do not remember where I have heard it,' she answered. "Well, Lord Lismere is a great favorite tory, though the full details of it are not

son, who was a very high-spirited young then I stole out to warn you. It drove me the matter on which they differed, but the nearly wild to see you going to supper so old lord turned him out of the house and ways, indeed, I fear, of a most undesirable nature-but quite suddenly, two or three years ago, he gave them up and became a completely reformed character. He enlisted as a mere private in the army and saw a great deal of active service in foreign parts, where his conspicuous bravery soon won him a commision and brought him into companionship with men of his own rank: his elder brother died and he thus became heir to his father's title and estates. The old man was disposed for a reconcillation. but before they could meet he had passed away, and the outcast son entered into possession of all the wide lands pertaining to his noble name. He found that the vast estates required his personal care, so he left the army and settled down in the home of his family, where he is known as the best and kindest of masters.' "That is, indeed, an interesting story." said Cicely, "but why should Lord Lismere

wish to know me, as you say he does?" "That I cannot tell," replied the lady. "Perhaps he was attracted by your winsome face, but the very moment he saw you enter the room he came and asked me to present him to you. Ah! and here he is coming toward us!" Cicery looked up to see a splendid, hand-

some man, dressed in faultless evening costume, who stood deferentially before her as her friend introduced them. He asked if equence of a quarrel with his father, and he might have the honor of her hand for men. taken to the road, both as a means of liv- | the next dance, and as she agreed, he ing and an outlet for the wild adventurous | raised his head, which he had held somespirit that could not rest content in a | what lowered, and she saw the clear-cut quiet or decorous mode of existence. The | features and beautiful hazel eyes she revery sound of his name inspired terror in | membered so well; in an instant she knew il who heard it, although some traits of him. She caught her breath while the hot hivalry had been reported of him, when color flew into her face, but Lord Lismere had taken her hand and led her toward the dance circle. She saw that he had recognized her as perfectly as she had remembered him, while his countenance was sinlaimed Cicely. "I would sooner have died | gularly grave and almost mournful, and he than shared his bread and salt if I had | maintained a complete silence which she known it; but he seemed the very pink of | had not the courage to break, recollecting courtesy and refinement. However, from | with great dismay the burning words of contumely and reproach which she had last addressed to this stately nobleman. They went through the dance without a

> was over Lord Linsmere said courteously though firmly: "Miss Greatorex, I must ask you to allow ne a few minutes' conversation. I will not detain you very long. There is a small room at the end of this suite where few people are passing. Will you permit me to find you a seat there where we can be unexplaining much I have long desired to make known to you. She murmured an assent, for she felt he had a right to make the request, and soon

they were seated side by side in a quiet

syllable spoken between them, but when it

corner where they were quite unobserved by the other guests. 'Miss Greatorex," said Lord Lismere, have asked to speak to you alone, that might thank you with all my heart and soul for the splendid service you did me on that one occasion when we met under circumstances that were a shame and disgrace to me. Your noble words of pure and burning indignation at my unworthy true nature of the infamous trade in which

it was a little awkward that there was no | riding habit over her arm, and with a gold- | took a secret vow then and there that for mounted switch in her hand, she walked | all the rest of my existence I would live a man, and that vow I have kept unswervthe evening before, looking undeniably ingly from the moment that your carriage bore you away from my longing eyes. From that hour I was a highwayman no more forever. I restored Mrs. Winton's property, I dismissed my followers, I enlisted as an ordinary soldier to serve my country. I toiled to build up a blameless character for myself till I was called to my present position, in which I strive still to retain it, and all this, Cicely Greatorex, I owe to you, and I thank you for it deep-

ly, humbly and most sincerely. She strove to express her delight at what he had said, to beg his forgiveness now for the insults which had sprung from her lips on that memorable day, but she was in fact too much moved to explain her feelings clearly, and as some persons came After that evening Lord Lismere and

Miss Greatorex met very frequently, both were invited and at the house of her aunt. where he called as often as the etiquette friends and finally much more than friends. One morning, a few weeks later, Cicely came into her aunt's room with a radiant light in her eyes and a soft flush on her delicate cheek. "Aunt," she said, holding out her hands

with a rapturous gesture, "wish me joy.] am going to marry 'Captain Rooke.' "Captain who?" said her aunt amazed. for she had been absent from England when that name was notorious, and had never heard it. Cicely crimsoned all over "Oh, what possessed me to utter that

name?" she said confused. "I mean Lord "Ah, Lord Lismere. Well and good. can congratulate you, my dear, with all my heart on a union with him, for he is a noble gentleman, honorable, true and good. You will be very happy, I doubt not, if your life is henceforward to be spent by

> -The Argosy. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Counting all classes of reserves, Germany can in twenty-four hours raise an army of 4,000,000 disciplined men. Mexico claims a population of 10,000,000, 9,500,000 of whom sleep on the ground and

500,000 live in comfort and luxury. The oldest building in Chicago is the Green Tree Tavern, in Milwaukee avenue, and it is only sixty-three years old. The average yield of wheat in Great Britain this year was 38 2-3 bushels an acre, nearly five bushels above the average. The official estimate is that 50,000 Armenian children under twelve years of age have been made orphans by the Turkish

A young man in Munchberg, Germany, disguised himself as a female and went out to service as a cook in order to escape military duty.

The warden of the Missouri penitentiary claims that his Sunday school is the largest in the State. Between 700 and 800 of the members are convicts. The Bayles orchard at Greenwood, Mo., contains 35,000 trees, of which 22,000 are of

the Ben Davis variety. The latter yielded 13,000 barrels of apples this season. Arizona convicts have been leased for ten years at 70 cents per head a day. Their labor is to be used in constructing an irrigating canal to reclaim 100,000 acres of arid

There are said to be in Michigan white cedar shingles now doing good service on roofs in that State that have been in full exposure and wear for over seventy-five

Spades and shoveis, together with scoops, are found depicted on the walls of Egyptian catacombs, and all three are frequent ly mentioned by Roman and Greek agricultural writers. A benevolent man at Charles City, Ia., has

established a "home" for tramps, where they may rest and eat. Such a home will please them. They have no wood to chop, no stock to feed and no one to support. Probably the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, which lies fourteen miles from Grenoble, among the French mountains, is the oldest industrial firm in the world. This monastery was founded about 1080.

Cuba is divided into six provinces and contains twenty-two cities and town and 204 villages. The capital is Havana, which has a population of 250,000. The electoral qualification required is property of the annual value of about \$250. The chronology of India, like that of China, extends beyond all reasonable be-

plate and valuables, made up for removal | lief. The first race of kings mentioned in authentic history as reigning in India ruled in 2300 B. C. Buddhism became the religion of India B. C. 956. In the Russian army two days a week are observed as fasts-Wednesdays and Fridays-on which days all the soldier gets in the way of food is lentil soup and black

bread and a drink consisting of water in which rye bread has been soaked. It is not only in recent times that women have outnumbered the men in Massachusetts. This condition of affairs has obtained for 130 years. Ten years ago the excess was so great that there were 8,000 more unmarried women than men.

Seven miles an hour is the camel's limit, nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour. When a camel is pressed beyond his speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. One of the richest men in Mexico is a

Years ago he made a trip to the Fatherland, and while there took what was posed to be a worthless silver mine for bad debt. From this mine, El Promontano, he now derives a yearly income of about \$700,000.

A St. Albans girl lost her pocketbook and advertised a reward for it. The pocketbook was returned to the office of the St. Albans Messenger. The young woman called, paid for the advertisement and reward, and walked calmly out, leaving the pocketbook and her muff.

Stealing a calfskin from one store at Aurepudiated him altogether, as he had an gusta, Me., a twelve-year-old boy took it to fellow, cast out without means or resources | managed at the same time to steal from of any kind, took to wild way-very wild the purchaser a sheepskin, which he boldly carried back to the first store and sold to his first victim. One biography of President Jefferson tells

of an enormous cheese made weighing 1,400 pounds, 13 feet in circumference and 18 inches thick, and made from the milk of 700 cows, collected at a single milking. bore the motto. "Rebellion to tyrants is The science of albegra is said to have

been the invention of Mohammed, of Buziana, about 850 A. D. The science was introduced into Spain by the Moores. The first treatise on the subject in any European language is believed to have been that by Luca Paccoli in 1494. It has been a source of interest and wonder to arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the arctic cir-

cle. They are abundant beyond belief. But

the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that ripen in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds. There is one less Indian in Massachusetts than there was twenty years ago-the 1895 census revealing the presence of 519, against 520 in 1875. Now, as then, Barntable and Dukes counties contain two-

thirds of the slender remnant of a race once numerous and powerful enough at least to be taken into account by white Russian thistles, a patch of which have flourished for some time near Whipple A. T., have overgrown well-trodden paths there and made them impassable either for men or animals. The thistles of this plot are said to be the only ones in Arizona and the people urge that they be exter-

where in the territory. MAY WIVES BE SPANKED? Momentous Question Now Before Su-

preme Court in Brooklyn.

New York Telegram.

minated before they become a pest every-

"May a man spank his wife?" is the mo mentous question which absorbed the attention of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn yesterday. It is such a delicate point in material law that, after having exhausted arguments, Judge Osborne reserved his decision, and it is presumed that he is now deep in the process of thinking the matter over in all its phases. The interesting issue was raised during the hearing of an application of Mrs. Kate Abbe for alimony and counsel fee, pending suit for absolute divorce to-night against her by her husband, Richard F. Abbe, of No. 614 Mercy avenue, Brooklyn, who is a

broker in this city with offices at Nos. 60-62 New street. Mrs. Abbe, in counter charges, alleges that this suit is brought for the sole purpose of annoying her, and says her husband was in the habit of spanking her. does not deny the spanking, but argues that as her husband he had a right to chastise his wife after the time honored and legally demonstrated that a man may spank his son for disobedience, and that he may similarly chastise his daughter until she arrives at the age when short dresses are discarded, but as yet there has

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Oblivion. My joy is gone; it is done. Let me arise, now and set aside my sorrow; let me journey unto a land in which is no remembering, no regrets. Let me go again to Arcady.

Oh! blue bird, my blue bird dear! Your breast it was so gay! A fleeting bit of heavenly blue Across the winter gray, And now it songless lies, and low, Beside the frozen way.

Your wings they were so gay. And bright as is a summer sky, Above a summer day. Now winter's hand is not more cold-More dully cold than they.

Oh! blue bird, my blue bird dear!

Your mate within you maple tree Is calling you, forlorn; He calls you, calls you, calls you,

Across the sullen morn! Oh! sad 'tis as a wind upon An autumn field of corn. He calls you, calls you, calls you!

Love calls you ceaselessly,

But never a flutter of rising wings-Strange that such things can be! I'd be alive if I were dead, Did my love call to me! But sleep you long, my blue bird dear,

'Tis only death is true! Your mate will, soon forgetting, find Another wing as blue! Time has no space in the long year To mourn for me or you.

Now far and away is Arcady! What then? Another Arcady, Where will no hollow memories be. So shall I find my Aready! -Annie Sears Arnold. Life.

We close the book for the fading year, And happy he who can write "'Tis Well," For blighted hopes and sorrows drear Along life's path too often dwell. The whirlwind's roar, the tempest's blast Along their path must leave their trace;

So time's remorseless storms will cast

Destruction where fond hopes were placed. The New Year comes. With longing eye We look adown its prophetic days, Where hope and fancy towers high, Where wealth and fame their temples raise.

The New Year comes. We turn the page, We make our solemn pledge anew-So has it been through every age, But failure blooms where fancy grew.

It lifts its pleasures high in air; We journey on, our thirst to slake, But night brings only sad despair. There is, in life, no royal road

Ah, such is life! A mirrored lake-

That leads us up to fortune's throne-By constant toil we bear our load Up rugged hills, by fancy flown. Then happy he who writes "Well Done," As he seals the book for the year gone by,

Who is content with laurels won,

Winter Evening. The dreary winter day is slowly dying. Above the clouds In scurrying crowds Before the wind,

Like storm-tossed barks are flying.

Nor grieves o'er hopes that in ruins lie.

-M. H. Underwood.

The dusky banks of distant wood, The tangled fen, And lonely glen So brown and bare, In twilight's purple shadows brood. Lone, vague, and sad, I hear the stream;

All hid from sight In shades of night, 'Neath overhanging sycamores, Save where pale sunbeams gleam. The sunset fades-the day is dead, And on the stream, Lit by no gleam

Of sun or moon, The clouds their tears of pity shed. Noblesville, Ind. -Clarence Case. Heart Hunger. Were every tongue in the universe

To that one task applied,

For life and every selfish prayer For long life gratified, They could not say "I love you" till This heart were satisfied. And were the task continued Throughout eternity,

By every living, breathing thing On land, in sky, in sea, If even there came a pause for rest I'd say "Do you love me?" -Strick W. Gillilan. Richmond, Ind. My Ships.

Long years ago, at morning's glow, My ships sailed out to sea; Through perfumed sails, with hope-filled sails, They danced away from me. "Oh, ocean wide!" I gladly cried, "Oh, sky that bends so blue, Let not a cloud their sails enshroud Oh, wind and wave be true!'

Through golden noons, through weary moons I watched the faithless sea; "Oh, wind and tide!" I sadly cried, "Bring back my ships to me!" Nor white sails gleamed, nor pennon streamed, Yet suns set brightly red; The smiling wave no answer gave, The stars mocked overhead.

Across life's fading lea; In summer lands, on golden strands My ships are moored for me. -Agnes Heskell, in Donahoe's.

all in French

Boston Traveller.

were a poet?

poet's wife.

ance. Grumpy?

bicycles."

Puck.

Detroit Free Press.

ing on this line all my life.

football exploits, does he?

a word about it.

Detroit Free Press.

you told me everything?

I want that for myself.

the trouble of collecting it.

'what do you call your office?'

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Miss Homewood last night.

replied the maiden.

Household Words.

that, sur; the cook is Oirish.

He Certainly Would.

A Reservation.

Didn't Pass.

"Why can't you get an accident insur-

"Because they say I'm too stiff to dodge

The Life Line.

First Passenger-Oh, yes, I know these

Southern railroads very well. I've been rid-

Second Passenger-That so? You must

Modesty.

She-Mr. Fullback never boasts of his

Reserved.

fore I can successfully defend you. Have

Prisoner-Except where I hid the money.

The Easiest Way to Settle It.

the next time if you say so-that will save

The Female of It.

"Papa." inquired the editor's only son

"Well," was the reply, "the world calls

an editorial office the sanctum sanctorum."
Then I suppose," and the small boy was

thoughtful for a moment, "that mamma's

office is a spankum spankorum, isn't it?"

Way to Kill Time.

"I wish there was some new way of kill-

ng time," said young Mr. Point Breeze to

"I can suggest one way of killing time which was not possible for a long while,"

"Sleigh it." A livery stable was rung by telephone.

The Prodigal's Fate.

have got on a little sooner than I did.

Hewitt-I have no race prejudices.

If Love Abide. What if the sunshine kiss no more the mountain's Nor in the vale no more the purple shadows seek To mount on high, And coming nigh Drive from the heights whom they would kiss and clasp And dim his rays forever in their chilly grasp?

their heads. That have incarnadined the summer's garden What if the sheaves In autumn eves Rustle no more to woo the hiding whip-poor-will, And all the happy bird songs are forever still? What if the earth should e'er be wrapped in end

light, What can betide If love abide? Let suns and spheres, sweet body, breath, all ended be. am content, so love endure eternally.

And circling moons attendant wander without

less night.

-Emily Selinger. Rest. We are so tired, my heart and I, Of all things here beneath the sky

One only thing would please us best, Endless, unfathomable rest. Than just to siip out by Life's door; And leave behind the noisy rout And everlasting turn about

Once it seemed well to run on, too, With her importunate, fevered crew, And snatch amid the frantic strife some morsel from the board of life. But we are tired. At Life's crude hands We ask no gift she understands:

But kneel to him she hates to crave

The absolution of the grave.

The House of Forgiveness. Remembering most the old, eternal days, cannot curse our life-thy life and mine; But now, perceiving its complex design, go on my intolerable ways, And, blaming me the more, give these -I dared to think that such a love as thine

My hand might iimn!-by my blind yeas and And now I say not where thy paths shall be, Or who shall go or come at thy least call; Only I know that when thy footsteps fall Across the silences that cover me, Both God and I shall deem it best of all Love liveth yet on earth for such as thee.

Were bounded by each little curve and line

Centered. To each man's life there comes a time supreme One day, one night, one morning or one noon, One freighted hour, one moment opportune, One rift through which sublime fulfillments One space when fate goes tiding with the stream

-Francis Sherman, in The Bookman.

once, in balance 'twixt Teo Late, Too Soon, And ready for the passing instant's boon To tip in favor the uncertain beam. Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and work and stand
On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow
To seize the passing moment, big with fate,
From opportunity's extended hand,
When the great clock of destiny strikes Now!

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-Mary A. Townsend.

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Albert Edward (in an awed whisper)-'Ee-'ee-'ee 'ad t' go to Hamerica han' get married, ma'am.

Pearson's Weekly. Nurse Girl-I lost track of the child, mum, Merchant (to bill collector)-You present-"Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to ed Mr. Slowpay's bill to him, did you? Literal-minded Collector-No, but I will policeman'

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them for a time and then have them return a mean a radical cure. I have made the dis

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